

The Nationalist.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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UNION FOR EVER.

AIR—O'LOUGHEE'S BUCHAN.

[Several friends have asked for the famous song, "Union for Ever." A noble lyric it is.]
Ye sons of Hibernia! Arise, and unite;
For country, for union, for liberty fight;
No longer in Erin let bigotry reign;
No longer let faction your union restrain.
Oh Erin for ever! Oh, Erin the land
Where freedom and union shall join hand in hand!

Oppressed by division, the North first unites;
In union fraternal the West now delights;
In the East, like the sun, all its radiance you see;
When the South is united, then Erin is free.
Oh, freedom for ever! Oh, freedom for me!
May we cease to exist, when we cease to be free!
Oh, union, how social! Oh, union, how rare!
In which all religions may equally share—
That union in one cause both the rich and the poor—
Make the fate of our tyrants decided and sure—
Oh, union for ever! Oh, union the rock
The force of our tyrants for ever shall mock!

Though perjury doomed thee, dear Oun* to the grave,
Thy blood to our union fresh energy gave;
For union is a current—impulse and its course,
Far and wide it extends, and restless its force.
Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
And chase your oppressors from Erin's green land!

* Nothing could exceed the anxiety of the Irish to avenge Orr's death, save their love for him. So generous in heart, so noble in person, so brave in trial, so faithful in death—a father, husband, and a patriot without stain—slighted upon the evidence of men who confessed their perjury; and on the verdict of a jury which swore that it had been made drunk—William Orr went to his grave a hero and a martyr for Ireland, Ireland loved and loved, but has not yet honored him as he deserves; but in good time—"I die innocent; a persecuted man for a persecuted country" were his last words.

"Remember Orr" was a common motto, and more than once a war-cry in '68. We lately saw, in the possession of a patriotic acquaintance, a copper medal, on one side of which was a harp and the cap of liberty on a flag-staff, with the words "Liberty" over the harp, and "Remember Wm. Orr." on the reverse were the words:

"May Orr's fate never be the impartial arm to annul the wrongs of Erin."

We are assured by the patriotic gentleman in whose hands it was, that it had been fatal evidence against a peasant in '68. A couple of days after the battle of Ballinacorney, this peasant was seized on suspicion, but there was no evidence—he had no weapon, and no one could prove against him—he was searched and nothing found. At last, as the poor fellow's ill luck would have it, his brogue was searched, and in one of them was this copper medal—this was evidence enough—he was hanged in the town of Hillborough.

IRISH NEWS.

EMIGRATION.—At the recent Tenant Conference in Dublin, one of the delegates, Mr. Farrell of Cork, gave an estimate of the material wealth lost annually to Ireland by emigration alone. The figures in his calculation are taken as a loose average, but if they are at all it is because the estimates are too small. "Within twenty years," said Mr. Farrell, "the value of the cereal crop alone in Ireland has decreased by eighteen million pounds. He might be told that there was an increase in the crop called meat, which was exported to England. To be sure there was an increase of three and a half millions on that head. The people were going and the bullocks were multiplying. But setting those figures against each other, there was still a loss of fourteen and a half millions. They were in this position now—an agricultural country importing eight millions and a quarter worth of food. They should remember that they would not always be at peace—war would come sometime, and when it came where would they find food for their people? The people were living in a state of dangerous ignorance if they thought their money would buy food when the first cannon shot was fired in anger, whether in America, Russia, France or Prussia, which was now generally suspected and dreaded. But whenever or wherever it was fired, woe to the rich as well as the poor in Ireland; then, to use a vulgar expression, "the devil take the hindmost." They lost 100,000 of their people every year, and if they were to see them as he did. Such people! In estimating their value to America, \$10,000,000 of money a year lost to Ireland, amounting in twenty years to the enormous indemnity France had to pay to Prussia. That was how the material for producing wealth

was being lost to them. The money they expended on their passage, etc., amounted to \$21,000,000—a million a year extracted that way from Ireland! Putting down £5 as the lowest amount carried away by each of their emigrants, there was a further loss of half a million. Then the shop-keepers of Ireland lost 100,000 customers. No wonder that the small shop-keepers of the island towns were going, aye, and the towns themselves. The cities were becoming smaller, the towns were becoming villages and villages were disappearing because the houses were tumbling down."

Limerick.
In Limerick a new graving dock was opened on the 13th, attended with all the usual honors of such an occasion under Monarchical government. The Lord-Lieutenant was invited with the usual castle retinue. The people, a large number of whom belonged to the working class were compelled to remain idle and made it the occasion to show their decided Republican national feeling. In Queen street on the 13th procession, a black cross flag was thrust out of the window of one of the principal houses at the moment the Lord-Lieutenant was passing. While passing through the outward gates of the city the party was received with loud and deep groaning from the assembled people and so continued through the proceedings for the remainder of the day. The aristocracy were supplied with a special platform, but the people who numbered some thousands were kept outside of a paling where they indulged in such cries as "Down with Royalty," a cheer for "Donovan Rossa," cheers for the "American Republic" and loud and continued cheers for the "Irish Republic."

CLARE.
THE AGRARIAN MURDER IN THE COUNTY CLARE.—In the Court of Queen's Bench on the 29th, before the Lord Chief Justice, Justices O'Brien, Fitzgerald and Barry, Mr. Michael O'Leighlin, instructed by Mr. John Frost, solicitor, Ennis, on behalf of Cornelius, James and Daniel Howard, prisoners confined in the County Gaol at Ennis on the charge of having been concerned in the murder of Patrick McCarthy, applied that they should be admitted to bail. The deceased was last seen alive on the 14th of March, and his body was found 200 yards from the prisoners' house at Coolbawn. The information in support of the application were very voluminous, and averred that it was a case of mere suspicion, there being no direct circumstantial testimony and that their confinement would be a great pecuniary loss to their family. Their Lordships decided to admit the father to substantial bail, but refused the motion on behalf of the two sons.

DUBLIN.
THE IRISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—The Council of the Royal Irish Academy, with the view of stimulating the cultivation of our native tongue and its literature, offers two premiums of £50 each for essays and reports on their present state in the provinces of Munster and Connaught. We trust this attempt to do justice to the Irish language may be rewarded with a success commensurate with the spirit which has suggested it.

ANTRIM.
There is still no improvement in the treatment of Mr. McAleese. He is kept in a cold cell without fire, and he sleeps upon a prison pallet of straw. His friends are denied access to him. Newspapers are interdicted, and the thousand nameless petty annoyances which a helpless prisoner can be made suffer are heaped upon the victim of Judge Lawson's wrath.

ARMAGH.
Sudden death near Lurgan.—On the 26th as a man named Finnegan and his wife were coming into Lurgan from the townland of Derry-more, the latter dropped suddenly and dead the road at a place called "The Mile House," a mile from Lurgan. It is said that the poor woman up to that moment had been in the enjoyment of excellent health. An inquest has been held, and a verdict of death from natural causes returned.

CAVAN.
The Most Rev. Dr. Conaty has made the following changes in the respective parishes under mentioned:—The Rev. Patrick Galligan, P. P., Lower Drumreilly, to be parish priest of Carrigallen; vice Rev. Charles O'Reilly, deceased. The Rev. Thomas Smith, C. C., Knocknanny, to be P. P. of Lower Drumreilly, vice Rev. P. Galligan. The Rev. John O'Reilly, C. C., Carrigallen, to be C. C. in Knocknanny.

DIED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 17th, at his residence Glasslick, Mr. Patrick O'Reilly, aged 82 years.

TYRONE.
Sub-Inspector Montgomery's family.—The Londonderry Journal says:—Mrs. Montgomery, mother of Sub-Inspector Montgomery, at present confined in Omagh jail, for the alleged murder of Mr. William Glass, sailed with her oldest daughter sailed for America from Lough Foyle. Other members of the family have emigrated from this country since the dreadful occurrence, for which Mr. Montgomery is charged.

DOWN.
A man killed by falling off a load of hay.—A laborer named Maginnis, in the employment of Mr. Harkey, farmer, Belleek, was killed on the 26th by falling off a load of hay. He was rendered insensible by the fall, and continued so until he expired by some eight or ten hours afterward.

The jury returned a verdict in New York City June 2d, in the killing of Mrs. Roderick by her son that it was an accident, but they censured him for carrying concealed weapons. Both young Roderick and Corcoran were examined by Judge Demor, who discharged Roderick and held Corcoran on trial on the charge of "fighting and carelessness."

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE CARLIST WAR.

MADRID.—A severe engagement took place on Saturday last, in the province of Barcelona, between a force of Republican and Carlist bands; commanded by Frisland and Don Alonso. After a stubborn fight the insurgents fled. They pursued as far as Monistral de Caldena. All the Federal and Republican factions in Barcelona have united in opposition to the monarchists. A dispatch from General Nouvilles states that with 12,000 troops he holds all the mountain passes in Biscay, and is driving the Carlists toward the coast. General Cabrera, in command of Government troops, has defeated a force of 800 Carlists under Seballos. General Vallas has ordered a suspension of railway travel in the province of Valencia, under pain of death.

The Constituent Cortes assembled yesterday. The session was formerly opened by Senor Figueras, the President of the Ministry, with a speech, in which he maintained the right of the Spanish people to choose their own Government. The Republic, he said, would pursue the policy of order at home; it had no concern with revolutions in European States, and was not ambitious of territorial aggrandizement. He promises to abolish slavery in Cuba, as in Porto Rico, and advocated a separation of Church and State. The Cortes then organized by electing Senor Orenza, a Federal Republican, its President.

The Carlists, by continually interrupting communications between France and Spain, thus rendering it difficult to obtain authentic information, seek to make it appear that they have complete control of the frontier provinces. On the creation of this false impression abroad they base their hopes of successfully effecting a loan of \$100,000,000. It should be understood that no faith can be placed in their representations in the markets of Europe.

THE CARLIST ARMY SUBROUNDED.

Information has been received by the Government of a decisive advantage gained by General Nouvilles, commanding the Government troops, in the north, over the Carlist troops in Biscay. General Nouvilles surprised and surrounded the Carlist army, and its surrender is expected. The news creates much excitement.

GERMANY DISASTROUS WITH PRESIDENT MACMAHON.
LONDON.—To-day being Whit-Monday is a holiday in England, and no business is transacted here or in Liverpool. The Times this morning publishes a dispatch from Berlin, which says the German Government is dissatisfied with President MacMahon's address to the French Assembly, and will not enter into regular diplomatic relations with his Government until satisfied that France will adhere to the Treaty of Frankfurt.

ROME.—Eighty-two heads of religious orders have signed a document protesting against the bill for the suppression of religious corporations, and appealing to the Pope, the law of nations, and to God.

LONDON.—It is reported that the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris, and has been there two days. The Times urges the immigration of Chinese to East Africa, as a means of bringing about abolition of the slave trade there.

PARIS.—Dispatches from the Spanish frontier reports that a battle was in progress to-day between Carlists under Dorregaray and a force of fifteen hundred Republican troops. The result is as yet unknown.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON'S FIRST RECEPTION.—On the night of June 5th, the first reception of President MacMahon was held. A large number of distinguished statesmen, military officers and other officials were present, including representatives of the various foreign Powers, with the exception of Count Von Arnim, the German Ambassador, who was absent. His absence created much comment, and is ascribed by some as a forecast of coming difficulties between the new Government and Germany. The Berlin authorities evidently think that MacMahon is not so soft a coon as Thiers.

BARONNE.—The Carlists appeared before Iran to-day, and began an attack on the place. At last accounts they had taken forty-prisoners.

Pacific Coast.

A couple of Cornish miners engaged in a stabbing affray at Alta, Little Cottonwood, Utah, recently, in which Jack Skewes got badly cut by Dick Mallow.

Henry Kerrigan got jealous of Delavan Hoeg, of Mayfield, Santa Clara county, and yesterday stabbed him three times. The wounded man will recover.

The Greenville Indians, Pimas county, have subscribed \$200 to build for themselves a school house, and the Indians on the north side of the valley have raised \$200 for a like purpose.

AN ENGLISH DIVORCE SUIT.—A suit in the Divorce Court, differing in none of its special circumstances from the ordinary run of such cases, is yet remarkable for the curious indiscretion of the several positions of life held by the parties. The petitioner is a gentleman of large estate and a magistrate; the lady from whom he seeks to be set free has been a hermit; and the respondent was curate of the parish in which the couple had lived. There being no dispute as to the facts that the clergyman had eloped with his neighbor's wife, and had allowed her to pass for his own, a dissolution of the marriage was decreed with costs.

JAMES O'KELLY, the Commissioner of the New York Herald, has been sent as a prisoner from Cuba to Spain.

United States.

A pleasantry indulged in recently by some of the New York detectives, at the expense of the English officers who were engaged here in the case of MacDonald, the forger, in which, after a night's carousal about town, the English officer having the extradition papers in charge had them abstracted from his pocket, proves likely to result seriously to the victims. The accounts of the affair as published were copied in the London papers, and have attracted the attention of the Home Government, which evidently regards this conduct of her officers as deserving of serious investigation. A correspondence has been opened by the Home Government with Secretary Fish, and the latter has ordered the United States District Attorney to furnish him with details of the so-called joke.

The Convention of the Irish societies in Indianapolis is taking steps towards the erection of an Irish Hall in that city. Their action in the matter is meeting with the approval of the societies represented, and it is confidently hoped will result in the erection of an edifice to meet the wants of our rapidly growing organizations, and the representatives of the various Irish societies, feeling the necessity, will do all in their power to make the movement a success.

The O'Donovan Rossa club of Chicago are engaged in the organization of two companies for pikemen and four rifle companies; to be uniformed and equipped in sevens, to have a grand parade on the 4th of July.

Mrs. Catherine Reilly, living at Media, celebrated her 106th birthday on the 4th inst. The old lady has seven children, fourteen grandchildren, and twenty-one great-grandchildren now living. She is a native of Ireland, and settled in this country 40 years ago.

The American and Spanish Commission has decided adversely to the claimant in the case of Senora Doris Pauline A. Mestre. At present a resident of New York city, on the ground that she was not a citizen of the United States at the time of the confiscation of her estates and property in Cuba.

OBITUARY.

DANBURY, CONN., June 3, 1873.

MR. JOHN KELLEY, O. S. A.:
With deepest regret I have to announce to our patriot exiles and all lovers of Irish freedom the death of one of the tried and true, Mr. John Kelley, O. S. A., of Templeton, county Tipperary, Ireland. From an early date he was a member of the I. R. B. in Ireland, and worked well and faithfully in the sacred cause, sparing neither labor nor talent to spread the spirit of glorious nationality among his countrymen. After the failure of the rising of March 5th, 1867, during which he took an active part in the county Clare, he was obliged for personal safety to fly to the hospitable shores of Columbia. Arrived here he resolved to devote his life to God, and he immediately sought refuge within the walls of Villanova College, Delaware county, Pennsylvania. Here, joining the Augustinian order, he prosecuted his studies with wonderful success, till within a few weeks of ordination, when ill-health forced him to visit Ireland where he sank to his long rest, in the words of Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, O. S. A., vice-president of the college, "on the 13th of May sustained and comforted to the last with the rites of the church under the anxious and sorrowful eyes of his mother, and at his old home." The reverend gentlemen further remarks, "No one that knew him but respected, esteemed, and even loved him. In society a gentleman, in friendship true and unswerving, in heart kind, generous, and innocent as a child, and in religion fervent, he was a model of every virtue in the accomplishment of the object of his creation. This loss of a true friend is to me irreparable." This unconstrained testimonial from a distinguished source was deserved in every way by the deceased. And to this testimony of the merits of the Christian, and gentlemen, allow me to add mine for the true patriot, and lament the loss of a noble manhood and in Erin's day of need he should be consigned to the tomb. Yours, THOMAS MAC FENNEL.

AUSTRALIA AND CALIFORNIA.—LABOR RATES CONTRASTED.—For the purpose of showing the advantages our State possesses over Australia for laborers, we have taken the pains to ascertain the wages paid to miners, mechanics, and common laborers in that country. The highest sum paid there to miners is £3 or £15 per week, whereas here miners get from \$3 to \$5 per day. The mechanics and common laborers earn from twenty-five to thirty per cent. less than in this State, and housemaids from 40 to 60 per cent. less. We men servants who here get \$25 per month, there receive \$150 per year, equal to only one-half the sum paid here.

The fact that they are engaged by the year, implies that the servants are far less independent than here.

California still retains its pre-eminence as having the highest labor rates in the world; and we may claim in addition, that many of the necessities of life, including grain and fruit are here plentiful and much cheaper than in any other part of the world.

PENANG.—A Dutch ship-of-war cruising off the Coast of Sumatra, fired into three British merchant vessels as they were leaving the harbor of Acheen. The Acheenese have sent messengers to this place, asking for assistance, and coolies here are already enlisted in their service. If the Dutch persist in war, they will meet a stronger resistance than ever. The pepper plantations in North Sumatra are going to ruin in consequence of drafting laborers into the Acheenese army.

City of San Jose.

For the instruction and gratification of our numerous readers, we will give the following sketch of the beautiful and prosperous City of San Jose, its citizens and their surroundings, by B. N. Bowley.

The City of San Jose is situated in the valley of Santa Clara, Santa Clara County, of which it is the county seat, and is one of the leading commercial cities on the Pacific coast. From the pleasantness of its situation, the perfection of its climate, and the floral arboreal ornamentation permitted by the rich soil on which it is built, it has received the sobriquet of "The Beautiful." It has daily communication with San Francisco by two lines of railroad, one on each side of the Bay, which join and extend south to Salinas City. Water communications is had with the metropolis via Alviso, nine miles distant, at the head of San Francisco Bay. The site is well chosen, being between two rivers, the Guadalupe on the west, and the Coyote on the east, one and a half miles apart, forming a perfect drainage. The streets are regularly laid out, well macadamized, and lighted with gas; the sidewalks are broad and well sheltered from sun and rain by pleasant awnings, and bordered by noble public buildings, capacious stores and commodious hotels (of which we will speak more fully hereafter), and the suburbs are adorned with the most lovely and beautiful private residences to be found in the State. Artesian wells are numerous, from which a supply of pure water is easily obtained, by means of which the rich soil of surrounding gardens is irrigated, bringing forth fruits, flowers and generous shade trees. The climate is warm in Summer, though slightly tempered by the sea breeze, preventing the extremes of heat felt in the interior of the State.

We find here brick blocks of the best material and the highest order of architecture. It is not a cheap city, thrown together by a cautious class that feel their way even where the road is straight; but a metropolis of resolute, progressive men, who are never waiting for something to "turn up," but go straight to work and "turn up" commercial strength and character by shrewd and sustained enterprise.

San Jose boasts of one of the finest Court Houses in the State. The building is of brick, three stories in height, resting on a solid stone basement considerably elevated above the sidewalk. It is a massive structure of modern architecture. The view from its lofty dome is sublime, and many are the visitors that wend their way up the long and circuitous stairway. The cost of this fine edifice was about \$200,000. Adjoining the Court House is a fine jail, constructed at a cost of \$80,000. The most imposing structure in the city is the State Normal School building, located in Washington Square, the cost of which was about \$200,000. Two of the finest market buildings in the State have recently been constructed. The Central Market is 60 by 300 feet, situated on First street, the other is on Market street, and called the City Market. It is built entirely of brick at a cost of \$40,000. The floors are of asphaltum. These markets were built during the last year, and contain all of the modern conveniences. The city is supplied with water from Los Gatos Creek, fifteen miles southwest of the city. The City Water Company was organized in June, 1869, with a capital stock of \$300,000.

The War in Cuba.

GERRIT SMITH ON SPANISH BARBARITIES.

Gerrit Smith, the distinguished abolitionist, recently contributed \$1,000 to Cuban independence. In an accompanying letter he says: "Poor Cuba! Land of slavery and slaughter! The Spaniards have taken some forty thousand Cuban prisoners and put every one of them to death. 'Nor is this the whole extent of their bloody barbarity. Their war is upon those who are asserting their right to freedom from the heavy yoke of Spanish authority and from the heavier yoke of the cruelest of all earth's types of slavery; is emphatically a sweeping and exterminating war. Said one of their military officers: 'Not a single Cuban will live in this island, because we shoot all those we find in the fields, on the farms, and in every hovel. We don't leave a creature alive where we pass, be it man or animal. If we find cows, we kill them; if horses, ditto; if hogs, ditto; men, women or children, ditto. As to the houses, we burn them; so every one receives his due—the men in balls, the animals in bayonet thrusts. The island will remain a desert.'"

Such is the unprecedented savagery which has been carried on for more than four years in an island less than a hundred miles from our coast, and in the midst of England's West Indian possessions. Nevertheless both England and America permit it. It is true that President Grant has, through Secretary Fish, issued his "protest against such mode of warfare," and denounced the infernal proclamation of Valmaseda as "infamous." This, however, has been the only step which has been taken in our nation against these Spanish authorities. England and America would long ago have put an end to this diabolism had they not been restrained by their interpretation of international law. Not even yet have they learned that there is no law against rescuing our brother and sister from slavery and murder. No pirates, least of all these pre-eminent Spanish pirates, have shaken of law for their piracy. In common with other pirates, these have their codes; but their codes are not law. There can be no law on their side. Forever against them must be all law, since right and not wrong, God and not Satan, must forever be the soul of all law. For no form of piracy can there be law—least of all for slavery, which is the superlative piracy. Heaven hasten the day when the nations of the earth shall respect each other's enactments only so far as they are enactments in behalf of justice and humanity, and never when they are such as trample upon justice and humanity!

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1873.

Declaration of Principles

OF
THE NATIONALIST,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.
Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street,
San Francisco.

Nationalist Printing and Publishing Co.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, have led to the formation of a Joint-Stock Company of Irishmen, Irish Americans and others, under the title of "THE NATIONALIST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY." This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

1. The main object of the NATIONALIST shall be to assist in the establishment of a REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the futility of expecting Irish liberty from any other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist their brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all inflammatory references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen. Provided, however, that current religious news may be inserted without prejudicial comments.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discountenanced, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked, the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy; and it shall neither advocate nor attack the claims of any political party or individual when seeking political position, Federal, State or Municipal.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

The main object of this undertaking being the union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty, and there shall not be any deviations from these principles permitted in the columns of this journal under any circumstances. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than our present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial cooperation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

The above is the declaration of principles which the Nationalist Publishing Company pledges itself to carry out to the utmost of its ability; and, as this company is organized solely for that purpose, and not for any purpose of gain, it confidently appeals for support to all Irishmen who desire to see their native land an independent nation, and likewise to all lovers of HUMAN FREEDOM.

CHINAMEN AS SOLDIERS.

The frequent references which have been made of late to the Chinese as a source of trouble, render the consideration of the fighting qualities of that people a subject of much interest. Chinamen are generally credited with a large share of the Oriental failing of cowardice. But this, like many popular ideas, is dissipated by observation and inquiry. It is true that in the civil wars which from time to time disturb the peace of the empire the combatants on both sides often show a decided unwillingness to fight. Nor is it possible to deny that on more than one occasion the Imperial "braves" have run away rather than face the Armstrongs and rifles of European armies. But a moment's reflection is sufficient to prove that this apparent pusillanimity need not necessarily be put down to personal cowardice. Every one who knows the way in which civil wars are conducted in China is aware that it is often to the advantage of the Imperial commanders to avoid general actions, lest they should put an end to a state of anarchy from which they and their troops reap rich harvests, while the insurgents, on the other hand, are generally glad to gain time. Of course, as the men feel that their commanders are not in earnest, they go into battle as much prepared to retreat as to fight.

But circumstances alter cases; and there are qualities in the Chinese character which would justify the belief, even if experience had not proved its truth, that they might furnish good and efficient soldiers. In the first place they attach a very small value to life, they are capable of sustaining a great deal of fatigue, they are temperate in their mode of living, and exist on daily rations which would not satisfy English soldiers for a single meal. The fact that Chinamen are to be found who are willing, for a consideration, to take the place of condemned criminals on the execution ground, proves with what slight terrors they look upon death. In a letter descriptive of the last bombardment of Canton, a correspondent expressed his wonder at the indifference shown to danger by the Chinese. "These strange people," he says, "actually seem to be getting used to it (the bombardment). Sampans, and even cargo-boats, are moving down the river in the ordinary exercise of their calling, people are coming down to the bank, and watch the shot and shell fly over their heads."

When either fighting behind the wall, or when properly organized and led, this fearless race makes the Chinaman a formidable antagonist. The correspondent quoted above, when speaking of the coolie corps employed at the taking of Canton, says, "Oh, those patient, lusty, enduring coolies! They carried the ammunition on the day of the assault close up to the rear of our columns; and when a cannon shot took off the head of one of them, the others only cried 'E-yaw!' and laughed, and worked away as merrily as ever." Chinamen when properly organized and led are formidable assailants as well as defenders, and are wanting in neither passive endurance nor in active courage.—*Abridged from the Pall Mall Budget.*

Answered—Chicago Reviving.

Since the destruction of Chicago, St. Louis and other Western cities have enjoyed a lively discussion as to which of them shall be Chicago's successor as the ruling commercial town of the West. The bad taste of so early a quarrel over the spoil of the wounded lion has in no wise modified its intensity, and the stricken city of the lake is reminded with every generous gift she receives that she has rivals who, however ready they may be to keep her people from starving at present, with a keen eye to the main chance are resolved that they shall never get back their losses or regain the suspended trade which made Chicago the grandest representative of American energy and enterprise. The Post of a late date comes to the rescue, and while rebuking the assailants of Chicago for their brutality, plainly tells them that they are reckoning without their host; that historical precedents drawn from Livy and Procopius do not fit the case in hand, and that Tyre, Corinth, Carthage and Troy, once destroyed and never rebuilt, were, in all the essential elements, a great city, as mere villages compared with this youthful American giant; that the lake, the canal, the railways, the lands of the far West, the timber of the far North, the energy of the people and their credit, all remain unimpaired; and that Chicago will rise from her ashes a more stately and splendid city than she was before her calamity.—*Sacramento Union.*

The Health of Dublin.

We learn from the weekly returns of the Registrar General that the deaths registered in the Dublin Registration District during the week ending May 31, 1873, represent an annual mortality of 30 in every 1,000 of the population, by the census of 1871. In London the death rate was 20 in every 1,000 of the estimated population, in Glasgow 22, and in Edinburgh 26. Eight deaths resulted from fever, viz:—1 from typhoid, 4 from cerebro-spinal fever, and 3 from typhoid or enteric fever. Seven deaths were caused by whooping-cough, 5 by diarrhoea, 3 by scarlet fever, 2 by erysipelas, 1 each by croup and dysentery. Fifteen children died from convulsions. Four deaths were ascribed to apoplexy, and 2 to paralysis. Twenty-three deaths resulted from bronchitis, and 5 from pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs. Heart disease proved fatal in 10 instances, and pericarditis or inflammation of the heart's covering in 1. Four deaths were attributed to liver disease, 1 to jaundice, 2 to nephritis or Bright's disease, 1 to kidney disease unaccompanied, 1 to pulmonary consumption caused 20 deaths, by drocephalus or water on the brain 6, scrofula 1, and mesenteric disease 1. Five accidental deaths—3 from drowning, 1 from fractures and contusions, and 1 from suffocation—were registered. Forty-seven of the persons whose deaths were registered during the week were under 5 years of age, and 42 were aged 60 years and upwards.

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Our Prices are now arranged to Suit the Times.

BLACK SILKS,
COLORED SILKS,
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IRISH POPLINS,
25 PER CENT LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES

Japanese, Striped, and Figured Poplins, now 12½ cents a yard.
Handsome Striped and Plain Poplins, 15, 20, and 25 cents a yard.
Fine All Wool Zephyr Cloth (all colors), 37½ cents a yard.
Plain Pongee Poplins, reduced to 30 cents a yard.
Black and Colored Gilesters, Poplins (all colors) 75 cents a yard.
Poplin Alpaca (all colors) 30 cents a yard.
All Striped Dress Goods Reduced to Half Price.
Broche and Striped Shawls Reduced to Half Price.
300 pieces French Corded Pique (60-cent quality), 25 cents a yard.
Grass Linens, Percales, and Chambrays, all reduced.
100 pieces Tasso Linens (new fabric), 12½ cents a yard.
Hand Loom Table Linens (50-cent quality), 30 cents a yard.
Large Size All Linen Napkins 85 cents a dozen, and upward.
Large Size All Linen Towels, 90 cents a dozen, and upward.
Marcelline Spreads marvellously cheap.
All widths and makes of Sheetings, reduced in price.
Wamsutta, New York Mills, Lonsdale, White Rock, and all good brands of Muslins Sold at ACTUAL COST.
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Black Goods OFFERED Remarkably Cheap!

A few lots of Solid Hosiery, cheap.
French Wove Corsets, from 25 cents a pair upward.
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Wines and Liquors of the Best Quality constantly on hand.

The business continues to be conducted by Mrs. P. H. MORRISSEY, who does his best to give satisfaction to customers.

John Ward,
Roofing and Asphaltum Worker.
Work Warranted from 6 to 7 Years.

All orders left at the southwest corner of Third and Stevenson streets executed with the utmost dispatch.

NOTICE

THIS IS THE ONLY COPY of the "WOLF OF THE FOLD" now on the Pacific Coast. It is now out. Lots of Fun. Splendid Pictures of the Daily Press, Emperor Norton, Arnold, the Diamond Syndicate, in my curious things, and what the "WOLF OF THE FOLD" has seen in the Moon. For sale by Newsboys, and all the News Dealers on the Coast. Price, Ten Cents. Office, No. 9 Post Street.

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Every Saturday and Sunday will be given a FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

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San Francisco, Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc and Bell Metal Castings, Church and Steamboat Bells on hand and made to order. Also, a full assortment of Steam and Water Cocks and Valves, Hydraulic Pipes, Nozzles, Ship work, Spikes, Sheeting Nails, and Rubber Braces.
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Single Meals, 25

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Passengers and Baggage taken to this house free of charge.

JOHN MURRAY, Proprietor.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID

DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
MODERATE CHARGES

DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
MEDICAL SURGICAL INSTITUTE

FOUNDED IN 1853.
No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House). Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrete, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to inform them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIAPHRAGM AND GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: STRABISMUS, in all its forms and stages; SEXUAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHOEA, GLEET, STRICTURE, NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DYSURIA OF THE BACK AND LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary Public. The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the weary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY.—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed. I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily a host, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L. H. H. San Francisco, June 16th, 1864.

subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D., 1864.

A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhea" or "Seminal weakness," the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and I entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 16th day of January, A. D., 1864.

A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, of his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients male or female residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherly in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purpose of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

As consultations at the office or by letter, FREE, Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address, W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHOEA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness. Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs. This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent gratis by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address, W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1873.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"
JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted, Immediately.
The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

"THE NATIONALIST."
The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of Irish Rights and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise, to No. 5 Post street.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. F.—The "Revenge of Donal Comm" will be continued next week.

D. U. L.—Your letter next week. The Leavenworth faction differences between Connaughtmen and Corkonians are, as you say, highly creditable to all persons who take the least part in such squabbles.

Several communications unavoidably held over.

This second number of the *American Gael* is at hand. It comes up fully to its promises, and we hope will meet the success it merits. We quote an able article from its columns.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY—IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

When, years ago, Daniel O'Connell used these words checking the impetuosity of the earnest followers who would have attacked the British Empire regardless of the overwhelming odds against them, he left to Irishmen a wise and wholesome maxim. And since the period when the warm-blooded and fearless young patriots of '98 drilled their peasant troops on the mountain side and in the secluded glen, down to the last insurrectionary movement in Ireland, the lesson of the great statesman has been well taught by sad experience. There have been times in the past when the attempts to realize the darling dream of Irishmen have worn bright colors indeed to those whose hearts beat high with enthusiastic hopes, and whose arms were nerved for the contest. Then the word was passed along to those anxious watchers for the dawn, and hopeful lips murmured "at last, oh God, at last." But up to the present a wayward fate has divided our counsels, rent us into factions, and left us at the enemy's mercy, and the gallows and the convict ship received the breaking hearts who had failed on the threshold of success. Still their efforts were productive of much good. Although the trampled peasantry were placed under a more grinding rule, and although the government hirelings treated them with more insulting barbarity than the West India planter could assume towards his slaves, those determined efforts to break from their bonds, kept alive that spirit which resisted the amalgamation of the conquered with the conqueror, and roused the apathetic masses to the agitation of important questions. In our days the Irishmen who have perished on the scaffold or worked with the ball and chain in the English prisons, have rekindled the spark of patriotism in many a despondent heart.

England's difficulty is at hand. Year after year is she losing that high place she once held among the nations, and is sneered at by the powers that once dresded her importance. Her latest rupture with the United States Government and her ignominious submission to its demands, was one of the earliest indications that England felt her weakness, and that rather than meet the Americans whose strength gave her a severe lesson in the past, any compromise would be acceptable. When the people lose confidence in the Government, the nation stands in a precarious condition and is ripe for revolution and revolt. The English people to-day have become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of republicanism. They have grown tired of toiling for a lazy and stupid aristocracy. The San Juan decision has completed this disgust. The Queen appears in public and the masses who once cheered when royalty passed on, now turn sullenly away to mutter their discontent and curse the bloated toadies who drain their resources, and keep them down to the gutters. The Prince of Wales, the hugest fraud that ever wore the garments of an heir-apparent is publicly denounced as a profligate scamp who has not a single redeeming intellectual trait. The German hangers-on visit the English court, and the English people are taxed to pay the traveling expenses of those impecunious drones.

All these impositions, all this vacillation and timidity, all this mass of dark clouds which threaten England with difficulty, announce the dawn of Ireland's opportunity. And the English government is well aware of the danger that threatens it, well aware of the feeling in the United States, well aware of the hundred thousands of exiled Irishmen who are here bidding their time and increasing their strength for the coming struggle. No wonder they dread an outbreak with America, and rather than let loose this torrent so long pent up, they meekly bow the head and swallow every insult. There is danger on both sides. Their own people are yearning to get rid of the incubus of loyalty, their Irish enemies are sworn to cast off the incubus of English rule. They are in a very pre-

carious situation, and the thinking and patriotic Irishmen all over the world feel that the crisis is at hand, and the hour of Ireland's opportunity not far distant.

But caution, discretion and perfect organization must be our mottoes. The next attempt to break the chain must not be a failure. Patience and combination must be our watch-words. When the time comes to deal the blow it must be final and decisive. And everything is now in our favor, everything ripening surely and rapidly for the accomplishment of our end. England drifting towards anarchy, France our old friend in the times of Wolfe Tone and Emmet under the directorship of the veteran Irish soldier MacMahon, Ireland more prepared than ever for the vital struggle, and the United States thronged with ardent young Irishmen who on the hard fought battle fields of the civil war have learned military skill and discipline. We have no lack of able and dauntless leaders left in Ireland and America and in both countries a fearless Press to guide and prepare the people for the stern reckoning which the enemies must render up. In this good work will the NATIONALIST perform its part. Not as the organ of a Republican or a Democratic party, but as an Irish newspaper, whose mission shall be to assist in the emancipation of the Irish race.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The tenth Academic Year of this college closed a few days since with unusually brilliant Commencement Exercises at Platt's Hall. The daily press of San Francisco has spoken of the exhibition of ability, culture, and talent on the part of the students on that occasion in terms of unqualified praise. Without at all doubting that the praise was thoroughly deserved and properly given, without being for a moment oblivious of the fact that the style, matter and manner of the Commencement were extremely creditable, not only to the College, but to the State of California and the merit of young Californians, we would feel inclined when testing the advance of the institution to look rather to the crucial test of rigid and impartial examinations conducted in the academical halls than to any public display whatever. Such display as the students of St. Mary's have made would be impossible without considerable industry and talent on their part, as well as superior discipline and experience on the part of their instructors; but we nevertheless hold that the examination hall is the best place to find out how the students have spent the year, and what profit they derived from their studies. On this account, therefore, we have paid more attention to the results of the examinations held during the two weeks preceding Commencement than to the Commencement itself. By comparing the present results with those of previous years, we are forced to the conclusion that the course of St. Mary's is on an upward and that the high character it has fairly won shall be maintained in a thorough spirit of progressiveness. The curriculum of studies has been higher during the year just past than at any time preceding; and the manner of the examinations has been characterized by the usual spirit of impartiality and searching investigation. The answering has, in almost all cases, been such as to do honor to the industry, hard work and talent of the students, as well as to the zeal and varied acquirements of the Christian Brothers. The results attained by a year's intelligent and earnest application to the studies prescribed are such as the people of San Francisco may take a legitimate pride in.

The Commercial Department proved itself to be in an extremely flourishing condition; and this was to be expected from the unequalled advantages it enjoys. The exhibit in mathematics and physics called forth from competent judges marked tokens of extreme satisfaction. The examination in Greek and Latin classics, as well as in modern European languages, was severe; but the students came out of the ordeal with drums beating and colors flying. Speaking of drums reminds us that the musical education of the students is under first-class direction; and the selections rendered from time to time gave agreeable diversity to the toil of the examinations. It was an equally pleasing feature of the scene to note the number and excellence of the English essays. The examinations in logic, mental philosophy, philosophy of history, the higher mathematics, applied mechanics, and such other small trifles, excelled those of any former year; and when we take into account the high standing universally awarded to St. Mary's as a first-class educational establishment, this is saying a great deal indeed.

The students having stood the test of the examinations referred to, and come out of the ordeal with honor, assembled to the number of 250 well-satisfied mortals in Platt's Hall for a Commencement which elicited the praise and admiration of the very large audience assembled. We are proud of the grand success achieved by the hard work and superior training common in the College; but, lest our pride should be imagined to mislead us, we abridge from the *Post* the following:

The essays were of a practical character, and denoted much talent and painstaking. Mr. J. C. Donnelly read the opening essay, a eulogy upon "Labor." Mr. E. H. Hill gave a thrilling description of the woes resulting from intemperance. Mr. William O'Sullivan's subject was "Heroism." He alluded to our Revolutionary Fathers, and paid them a merited compliment for their heroic endeavors and brave deeds. Mr. James S. King gave a short biographical sketch of the "Trials and Triumphs of Henry Clay," and was succeeded by Mr. B. P. Oliver on "Civil Liberty, and the Effects of Christianity Thereon," showing that upon the fate of the latter depended the existence of the former. Mr. H. V. Reardon's subject was "Home, its Importance and Refining Influence." Mr. Chas. M. Weber's essay was on "Decision of Character, its Importance and

Effects." Mr. James T. Murphy's oration on "Irish Valor," was received with enthusiastic applause. He dilated on the wrongs of Irishmen, their noble endurance and heroic efforts, and prophesied their deliverance.

Alpheus B. Graves, B. A., then delivered the Master's oration, his subject being "The Spirit of the Age." He deplored the tendency of the age to infidelity and irreligion, and showed that many nations owed their fall to their derelictions from the path of duty. He dealt a blow at the Spencerian and Darwinian systems, and said that America needed trust in God. The following degrees and certificates were then conferred by Archbishop Alemany:

Alpheus B. Graves, A. M.: Bart. P. Oliver, A. B.; H. V. Reardon, A. B.

The following, including those under the head of Collegiate Certificates, have the degree of S. B.: Charles Weber, James T. Murphy, William Shipsey.

Collegiate Certificates—John C. Donnelly, Herman Kellum, Edward H. Hill, William D. O'Sullivan, James S. King, Hugh Corcoran, John F. Farrell, James Broderick, Charles E. Reardon, Thomas J. Weber, James Farrell, Jas. T. Noon, Martin Quinlan, William H. McCarthy, John O'Connell, John McCall, Preston W. Wand, F. Hughes, John Evenson.

Henry P. Bowie, A. M., then addressed the graduates, exhorting them to choose their pursuits, and then persevere; to be honest and upright, and to strive to attain good reputations. His remarks were listened to with much attention and warmly applauded. His address closed the exercises of the evening.

The pupils really showed a remarkable proficiency in the various branches of their studies, which must be most gratifying to their teachers and parents. Brother Justin and his co-laborers ably demonstrated their ability as instructors in the specimens of their culture as presented to the audience last evening.

The students of St. Mary's College "have won their honors well, and may they wear them long."

AN IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's *Chronicle* takes exception to some remarks we made last week, and mildly charges us with "unfair criticism." In company with the *Sacramento Record*, the *Chronicle* takes the ground that the formation of an Irish National League is unequalled, for, and would be something like treachery to the obligations contracted by citizens at their naturalization. We can dispose of the matter in two words. First, if any League of Irishmen is projected to enable them the more effectually to take part in the partisan politics of the United States, and lift wire-pullers into office, then we are ready to condemn that League even more than we would a Know-Nothing one. And we are thus ready, because we think it expedient, as well as right, for our countrymen to perform all the duties of United States citizens just as if they happened to be born here. But if, as we hope is the case, the projected League is designed for the sole cause of extending the area of republican freedom by the liberation of Ireland from British rule, then we say it is not only right and proper to form such a League, but even that, without it, the Irishmen of the United States can never render any assistance to the old land worth talking of. As to the *Chronicle's* rap at foreign flags, there is nothing in it. There is mortal antagonism between the Green and Red, but between the Green and the flag of the United States there never has been, and we hope never will be, any difference.

The Heathen Chinese.

ED. NATIONALIST:—During the short period that has elapsed since the question of Chinese immigration has become the one great and absorbing question in this community, so much has been said and written, and so many arguments have been adduced in support of the theory that their presence here and any further immigration by them is an unmitigated evil, that it may seem superfluous to say any more on the subject. Some will say, though the Chinese may be objectionable, this continued harping on the subject is much more so. They may even go further and think that California could not possibly get along without them; that, but for them, our houses would be vacant, our workshops silent, and our farms uncultivated. And others again think it is wrong to say anything about or even admit that an evil exists in our midst, that it is better to hide it lest we frighten off Eastern or European immigration. Let us, on the contrary, continue to boast of our unrivaled climate, our big trees and big squashes, our prolific soil, and pleasant summer winds that drive away all disease, but don't say aught of the moral plague that exists and is daily growing more formidable. While evil exists it must be attacked, while wrong is being done the warfare against it must be unceasing. Has Chinese immigration ceased? Not at all. Do we not see that the China mail line, not content with the number that could be brought on their own ships, have chartered an English line of steamers in order to throw them more rapidly on our shore? Coming now at the rate of four thousand per month, they will soon increase to five and perhaps six thousand, for it is said the Pacific Mail Line have entered into contract to give transportation to sixty thousand Chinese to this State—that is five thousand per month. To this number add those brought by the Altona, Lord of the Isles, etc., and how many shall we have thrust upon us? How many years must elapse at this rate ere the Chinese will far outnumber the white population? Less than ten years; and then California will become a Chinese colony; over our City Hall will float the Dragon flag, and a Mandarin may sit in the place

of a Louderback to administer the law, and a white woman will traverse our streets with the same dangers staring in their faces as now in the streets of Canton or Shanghai. I do not mean to say they will separate California from the rest of the United States or make a conquest of the country, for this they possess neither the ability nor the courage, for of all the Asiatic races they are the most cowardly and cruel, but our laws will be met with a quiet passive resistance that will be found more effectual than even the present Mormon resistance, and we all know how much our laws are respected in Utah. If, while numbering but one-sixth of our population, they held our laws in utter contempt, nullify city ordinances by overcrowding our jails, what can we expect when they shall number two-thirds or five-sixths of the population? Who then will build the prisons to contain them? Their criminals now are as three to one in proportion to their population as compared with the whites, and yet they pay but an infinitesimal portion of the revenue required for their support and safe-keeping—not enough to pay the salaries of the policemen required to watch and keep such order as is now kept in the slums they occupy. The few white people left in the city then will be ground to the earth with taxes to maintain a semblance of order or decency, and will probably be compelled to occupy some quarter by themselves, and the Chinese companies being no longer compelled to hold their tribunals in secret will boldly dispense Chinese criminal justice on our public places. And if our country should be engaged in a foreign war, what an inviting prospect will not California offer to an enterprising maritime power. Who will then defend the soil? Will the Chinese who never have been able to defend their own cities from plunder, their country from conquest, but have easily fallen a prey to the invader? Conquered by the descendants of that Tartar Butcher, Zenghis Khan, again almost within a century by the successors of Timour Beg, they again in less than two centuries became an easy conquest to an insignificant Tartar Tribe, the Manchus, and are still ruled by them. Can a people so lost to all sense of patriotism or courage that they resign their homes, their government to the invader be expected to display the manly courage necessary to defend a colony? No, far from it; and yet we continue to receive these swarms of vermin in our homes and firesides as if in the future they could be relied on to defend them. And men claiming to be among the "purest and the best" can be found to encourage them and say they are necessary for our progress, to build our railroads and dig our canals—as if neither had been done before a Chinaman touched our soil.

ANGELO.

Maurice Patrick McMahon,

DUKE OF MAGENTA.

(Continued.)

But his diplomatic, or rather ruling faculty (for he has too much of the king in him to be a mere diplomatist), was early recognized. One instance of this kind proves his desperate courage, coolness and daring. Returning from one of these missions (we think it was from Constantia) he suddenly rode almost into a party of hostile warriors. McMahon galloped away as fast as he could. His animal was somewhat blown after a long journey, still it had good stuff in it and went along bravely. But the enemy were gaining fast upon him, for their horses were all fresh. On, on he went, with the cry of his savage foes ringing in his ears. On—but horror! he suddenly finds himself at the edge of a rocky chasm, a fall down which would be certain death to man and horse alike. He draws back. There is the yawning gulf before and the savage foe behind. Shall he make that desperate leap or turn aside and ride at his weary horse's best pace along the desert? A few moments' thought decides; he will try the leap. The chasm is cleared, but the exhausted horse falls dead, and when the rider scrambles to his feet a dozen bullets whiz by his ears. His enemies drawn up at the other side, gaze in wonder. They dare not attempt that desperate leap. They turn away in disappointment, cursing the "dog of a Ferhingi," whose gallantry they admired nevertheless. McMahon, with a last look at his poor dead steed, goes his way, reaches his French head-quarters and delivers up his papers in safety.

Do you wonder now this was the man who stormed and captured the terrific Malakoff, sword in hand, and won, by a ready stroke of genius, the battle of Magenta? These are the men who deserve to be called soldiers, not the dull butchers who calculate they must win if they kill every two of the enemy for every ten of their own slaughtered—knowing that the foe are so much fewer in number. Though having risen to an illustrious position, McMahon made little show in the era of 1848, when Changarnier, Cavaignac and old Bugeaud won their chances and made nothing of them. In point of fact he is no politician, and never meddles in political disputes as long as the country is in no danger. His motto is that of the gallant Admiral Blake of England, who, when his men heard that Oliver Cromwell had become "Protector" had grumbled accordingly, said: "It does not matter, boys, who is in power; our duty is to fight for our country."

When the Crimean war broke out, McMahon took service at once. Cavaignac, Lamoriciere and others who objected to the Imperial rule, refused; and assuredly their conduct was weak. St. Arnaud became Commander-in-chief; a very gallant soldier, but not a great general. The English chief was old Raglan, one of Wellington's best staff officers, and nothing more. The

first encounter with the Russians showed no generalship; it was a blundering, bungling thing altogether; and the battle of Alma was won simply by the agility of the French troops on the right of the allies. Gortschakoff did not believe that mortal man could climb up the heights by the sea and bring their cannon and limbering with them. But the French did it. They climbed the heights like monkeys, and then, with the ropes they carried, pulled up a very effective park of artillery, and opened fire on the Russian's left flank. The Muscovites, who thought their left safe, and naturally expected they could relieve the desperate pressure on their front by wheeling round their right wing and striking hot and heavy on the English left, were now thrown into utter confusion, and a retreat was sounding along the whole line. The battle would have been a disaster but for that acrobatic feat of the French light troops; a thing worth knowing.

[To be Continued.]

Our Irish Fellow-Citizens and their Duty to Ireland.

There is scarcely any subject which our Irish fellow-citizens are so reluctant to discuss as their positions in this country, and the duties which devolve upon them in relation to their brothers and friends in the land from which they derive their origin. Not that they love Ireland any the less than they did not many years ago when her wrongs were loudly proclaimed by them in every section of the States, and an unympathizing public heard with indifference or incredulity their stern resolves to conspire and toil, to stop at no sacrifice, to watch and wait with patience and hope, and, when God gave them the chance, to seize it and assert it with the tremendous power within their grasp to lift their native island up to her rightful place among the kingdoms of the earth.

Disaster, failure, a thousand causes combining, have silenced the eloquent tongues that spoke words of encouragement and lashed the most solid natures into activity; clubs and conspirators, centres and circles alike have subsided beyond the public ken, and the plans and projects and the high and the holy purpose which stimulated them, have to all appearance been numbered among the things that are dead and forgotten, and the recollection of which it is scarcely pleasant to revive.

Yet for all this, the love of Ireland, which is part of the Irish nature, exists in all its old-time intensity in the breasts of the Irish millions in America, and when circumstances occur to call it forth, it will display itself all the more energetically because so long pent up within its fountains.

The people of this country who are of Irish birth or origin are credited, even by those most unfriendly to them, with shrewdness and intelligence as one of the characteristics of the race, and it would be strange indeed if they did not realize, as they do most acutely, the cause which operates against them as a class, which retard their progress and exercise an unfavorable influence upon their social prospects. With all their pride of race, with all their feeling of superiority over the motley races among whom they have cast their lot; with all their conscious wealth of intellect and virtue, with all their sacred memories of the past and their aspirations for the grandeur and glory of the dear island which has been the battle-field of their fathers for a thousand years, they know and they acknowledge to themselves, sometimes with wonder, sometimes with amusement, but much oftener with indignation, that they are regarded by a portion of their fellow-citizens with a supercilious and lofty disdain which would be very ridiculous if it did not make itself so hurtfully felt in many ways.

Many brave, noble, indomitable Irishmen, no doubt, push their way to the highest steps of the social ladder, distancing competitors who enjoyed advantages which generally make success an easy certainty. But these Irishmen won wealth or position, or fame, by force of character, by sheer pluck and the force of native intellect, and won in the face of difficulties such as men of no other race could hope to overcome. And after all, even they, the truest, the best, the brave and the virtuous, the learned and the men of towering intellectual stature, are not unfrequently made to feel and are reminded from time to time that they are but Irish after all. As for the mass of the Irish, a very considerable portion of the people of this country would gladly deprive them of the rights which are freely given to the Chinaman and the negro and the most worthless and half-civilized ragged and pauper emigrants from portions of the continent of Europe.

Even as a matter of self-interest, even for their own sakes and for the sake of their children, the Irish people in America must never rest while a foreign Parliament dictates laws to Ireland and the soldiery of a foreign and unfriendly power brood its garrisons. Never will the Irish race abroad be respected and all their good qualities appreciated; never will they enjoy all the advantages which their superiority as a race should give them in a hundred ways, until the people of Ireland possess their God given right of self-government, under their own chosen government and their own national flag, ramparted by the bayonets and the cannon of a national Irish soldiery. And the Irish in this country can do much to hasten the day when Ireland shall give to the world its proclamation of independence.—*American Gael*.

The Irish Question in England.

Every ward in England has its Home Rule organization, and each week new clubs are springing into existence—what the result will be is hard to conjecture. The present agitation is increasing so rapidly throughout the United Kingdom that Earl Gray, in a late speech delivered by him in the British Parliament, stated:—

"I have watched for a long period the course of public events, and I honestly state that I never, even in the worst of times, considered the state of Ireland and her prospects for the future to be so truly alarming as they are at this moment. Even during the Fenian agitation and that other agitation which preceded the concession of the Catholic claims in 1829, when the Duke of Wellington apprehended almost immediate civil war in Ireland, I do not think the appearances were so seriously alarming."

Bourke and Luby Club Irish-Confederation

Every member of this club is hereby notified to attend the next meeting on Monday evening, the 9th instant, as officers for the ensuing year will be elected, and other matters of great interest to the cause come before the meeting for decision. A full attendance is desired. By order of the Club,
DR. THOMAS BOURKE, President.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1873.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us forever,
The power and the splendor of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,
Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing age,
And truth, which time wreath on leaves or on sand;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The birds may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave;
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned,
It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain,
The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may go wild o'er the brave heart and hand;
But ye are still left in all else that has been taken,
Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,
With power over ocean and desert afar,
Ye are gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,
And gladdened their path, like a home-guiding star.
With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,
And visions that passed like a rave from the sand,
With hope from our country and joy from her banished,
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring time may come with the song of her glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice;
But the pipe of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.
It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

HUGH O'CARROLL.

An Irish Story.

France has scarcely risen from the ashes of the "Great Revolution" when all Europe was convulsed. The din of war echoed in almost every country on the continent. The people of Poland, with the immortal Kosciuszko at their head, were struggling desperately for freedom. Hayti—far away and despised—had assumed its independence under the direction of "the first of blacks," as he styled himself in the midst of his power and ambition, Toussaint L'Ouverture. Can it be wondered at, then, that Ireland—poor and impoverished—indulged in the "splendid phantoms" of a separate nationality? A distinguished foreigner has said that there is no greater misfortune for a people than to be ruled by another people. The history of Ireland for the last seven hundred years verified the words of the Count de Maistre; class has been set against class, and religion against religion. How often have old prejudices and party feelings been made the effective instruments to divide the people? Naturally warm and impulsive, these attributes have been turned in account to accomplish their own degradation. Those who should be among the foremost in healing the wounds which bigotry and intolerance on both sides had opened, were among the most zealous in unearthing the hatchet and embittering the asperities of class and creed.

It is gratifying to find that the Irishman of to-day does not regard his brother of opposite principles—religious or political—with such aversion—it might be called bitter hate—as formerly. But time was when this was far otherwise; and there are those who mourn over the defunct of such days—calling to mind the words of the immortal Byron—

"Ah surely nothing dies but something mourns!"

Truly has it been said that Irish patriotism is an undying essence. Centuries of wrong inflicted and injustice dealt have only augmented and intensified its vitality. Since the day Hugh O'Neill raised the standard of revolt against Elizabeth down to the present time, when the walls of Pentonville echo with the sighs of those who loved their country "not wisely but too well," the same spirit has actuated every intervening attempt to obtain a separate nationality. Irish national independence has hitherto seemed, like the mirage of the desert, deceptive and illusive. Like the *ignis fatuus*, it has been the destruction of those who sought its light, and many a brave and noble spirit has sunk, never again to rise, in the mire of delusion. That hope has never been realized, but it lives yet. About this period—i. e., a few years prior to the "year of the rebellion" (as it is called)—there lived in the vicinity of Swords a schoolmaster named Hugh O'Carroll. Educated for the church in one of the colleges of France, he also possessed talents of a high order. His father had been an extensive farmer in the country, and Westmeath, had a high rent, bad times, and a bad landlord (things unfortunately too well known in Ireland) had opened his purse-strings so often that his "lord of the soil" compelled him to give up his farm to an alien in country and in creed. It is the same old story told a hundred times—he died shortly afterward of a broken heart, and his wife soon followed him to the grave.

At this time young O'Carroll was undergoing the course of his education in France. His grief may be imagined when he heard of his father's and mother's death and the desolation of his home. He returned to Ireland—but what a change had been wrought there! A few short years—alas! the years of happiness are short and transient—had only elapsed since he had left his mother's home buoyant in spirits and in health, and with his mother's last kiss upon his brow, he returned to behold what he had called by the sweet name of "home" since the first sippings of his childhood in the hands of a stranger, and his only sister a friendless wanderer on the world's bleak common.

Goaded by the wrong inflicted on his father, he became an inveterate hater of landlordism, and an enemy to the power which fosters it. Adversity testeth virtue: O'Carroll had many friends in the days of his father's prosperity; in the hour of his own adversity he had not one,

and was obliged to earn bread for himself and his sister as an humble hedge-schoolmaster, near the town of Swords.

Possessing education and talents, a man of his stamp was a desideratum which the exigency of the times required in the national cause, and it was not long until he threw himself, heart and soul, into the movement, then in its embryo, for the liberation of Ireland. Gifted with an easy and persuasive fluency of speech, he successfully advocated the principles of physical resistance to England.

On many a moonlight night he might be seen, surrounded by a band of stalwart patriots, to whom he poured forth the tale of Ireland's wrongs, and painted in glowing colors the advantages to be reaped from a free Ireland.

"Ay, free," he would exclaim, "free from Ireland's Eye to Sylve Head, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear!"

He soon aroused the suspicions of the Executive, but strange to say, reminded unmolested. Still it required all the tact he was master of to steer clear of the argus-eyed "powers that be."

The crisis came at last. On the night of the 19th of 1798, O'Carroll led his party to Balgriffin, on the road leading from Dublin to Malahide, where they were joined by a number of "the boys." The place of meeting was at Tonliege, near the village of Coolock. Always to be found, a Jundus was among them, and the castle authorities were in full possession of all the plans for the rebels, as we shall call them, which were, as far as can be learned, to enter Dublin that night. To frustrate this, troops were stationed at "The Greenan," near Marino, the seat of Lord Charlemont. A gentleman named H—d, who resided near Baldoyle, whose principles were anything but friendly toward "the powers that be," on returning from Dublin that night learned that the plans of the rebels were made known to the Executive by one Jack Murphy. He accordingly proceeded to Tonliege, and advised them to disperse, which the majority of them did.

O'Carroll, with a few trusted followers, made his way into Wicklow, where they joined the insurgents. He adhered to the cause while a hope remained, and took an active part in most of the encounters in the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, and was the trusted friend of the soldier, Father Murphy. After the battle of Vinegar Hill, where he received a severe wound, he escaped to France, where he was joined by his sister, and afterward distinguished himself as a soldier under another name.

Every story has its moral. Had justice been done towards O'Carroll's father, his son would never have been one of the "rebels on the hill." Oppression drives men mad, and impels their words and actions to utter extravagance; it turns the rebel's hand and rouses the subject to insurrection.

What a Hungry Boy Can Eat.

"I hain't had nothin' to eat for a hull day, and I hain't got a cent. I am from Philadelphia."

This was the pitiful story told to Contractor Magill, by a stout, hearty-looking boy, the possessor of a remarkably fine row of teeth.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the contractor.

"I am willin' but can't get any work," the boy answered. Then he shed a few tears.

Mr. Magill looked sharply at the boy for a moment, then he set down and wrote the following note to Colgan proprietor of the Bank Oyster House:

Mr. Colgan—Be kind enough to give the bearer a good dinner, and charge it to me.

JAS. MAGILL.

P. S.—Give him all he wants.

The boy, with tears of gratitude streaming from his eyes, took the note and left for Colgan's. When he reached there he presented Magill's missive.

The boy was told to sit down to a table.

"Hughie, the Veteran," came over to take his order.

"Give me a plate of quail on toast, with mushrooms," said the boy.

"Ye have a fine mouth for quail," said Hughie. He thought the boy was chaffing. But Colgan told him to take the order. The quail was finished in about three minutes.

"Have some turkey?" suggested Alderman Dunne. The boy grinned and ordered "roast turkey, a plate of roast beef, and a glass of milk." He put these things away like a man shoveling coal. Major Horgan advised him to unbutton his coat. The boy did better; he took it off, and then ordered "boiled chicken, baked potatoes, and a saddle-rock stew." He seemed to have grown considerably when he got through with this, and perspired somewhat.

"Can't you eat a little more, sonny?" asked Mr. Macaulay.

"I'll try, sir," replied the boy, meekly. Then he ordered a plate of lamb fries, a tenderloin steak, fixins, and a saddle-rock fry. These articles of food disappeared as mysteriously as the others. The boy said he "guessed he'd finish up with a piece of mince pie." He seemed to enjoy the pie until he came to a shirt button and a piece of a shirt sleeve.

"Look here," said the boy to Hughie "see what I have found in this 'ere pie."

"What do you expect to find?" shouted Hughie.

"Do you think you ought to find a clane suit of clothes in a mince pie?"

To-day Mr. Colgan sent the annexed bill to Mr. Magill:

JAMES MAGILL, DR.	
To Thos. Colgan, for dinner to poor boy:	
Quail and toast	75
Roast beef	25
Glass of milk	10
Roast turkey	40
Mushrooms	25
Boiled chicken	40
Baked potatoes	15
Saddle-rock stew	40
Saddle-rock fry	40
Lamb fries	75
Tenderloin steak	75
Mince pie	75
Total	\$4 70
—Brooklyn Eagle.	

NOTES.—The great chemist, Baron Justus von Liebig, died a few days ago. To him agriculturists are indebted for many useful discoveries, among the rest reducing bones by means of vitrol. He always took the greatest interest in agriculture, and effected more than any other man during a century in making agricultural pursuits scientific. His work on agricultural chemistry is a standard authority on the subject, and his researches relating to the food of animals and plants were strikingly original and practical. In his warm temper, vivacity, and cheerfulness he seemed more Celtic than Teutonic, and it is no wonder that with his great genius and attainments he should have gained the esteem of all who knew him and caused universal sorrow by his demise. A few days after his disciple and translator, Dr. Benzo Jones, followed him to the tomb.

The Men of Ninety-Eight.

(Continued.)

By arming ourselves, by practicing the use of arms, by training our will to implacable resolve by cultivating in us that glorious passion which creates the spirit of manhood even under the ribs of the slave—hate—almighty hate—of the oppressor—we shall reach that determination necessary to use opportunities, which creates opportunities, which brings the sympathy and willing aid of foreign nations, for the simple reason that it deserves them. Again, and again rely on yourself alone! "Wretched," said "Tome"—"wretched," I again repeat it, "is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another."

We write this essay, therefore, not to teach our countrymen to rely on France. God forbid they should wait an hour beyond the instant they are ready!—too many die of slavery every hour for that—but to teach the French people what they owe us, how it would advantage them to aid Ireland when she shall deserve aid, and to show them how easily, and surely, and most effectually, they may lend their aid.

France, we have said, has dearly paid for her treatment of Ireland. Louis XIV., might have by a bold and honest policy, saved her from the fangs of England in 1690. He indulged in a spendthrift economy, acted in narrowness of thought, temporized, delayed and won by that merely the survivors of Limerick and Aughrim. Poor compensation for the nursery of seamen, the storehouse of fleets, he bestowed on England! Poorer for the sympathy and friendship of a brave and independent nation. His successor, Louis, "the well-beloved," had not died accused before the Irish seaman his policy threw to England wrested from France her most valued colonies, and the last roof of her Indian Empire. Here was retribution hot foot on crime!

Buonaparte chose rather to cut his way through Africa to recover the same Indian empire, instead of freeing from England's hold the nursery of those seamen by whose arms she won it—of those soldiers by whose aid she extended and held it. He flung himself on Egypt instead of Ireland. The Union followed. And lo! the very people he destroyed in their hour of need, to whom he forfeited the honor of France, pressed and tortured into the ranks of his enemies, met him at Waterloo, and avenged themselves and their dishonor upon him. Some fifty years before, these islanders fought on the other side, and the day was Fontenoy.

[To be Continued.]

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—Under the new military organization in Prussia the total period of obligatory service amounts to twelve years: three in the regular army, four in the service, and five in the landwehr. The "landstrum" has now no existence. The clergy, students of divinity and certain religious sects whose principles forbid them to take part in the shedding of blood are exempt from service in the ranks, though they may be required to do duty as chaplains or in connection with ambulances. A few eminently noble personages known as "mediatized princes" are in recognition of their former sovereign independence, freed from obligatory service. But the nobility as a class, and in Prussia to nobility forms a very large class indeed, is just as liable as the peasantry to what the French used formerly to call "the tax of blood." Failing to become an officer, a Prussian nobleman may enter the army as a one year volunteer, but he cannot avoid military service.

THE POWER OF MANUFACTURES.—A St. Louis exchange says: A city without manufactures is devoid of the best foundation it could have, and that which is one of the assurances of solid growth and prosperity. Philadelphia, the second city in the Union, would lose the most of her influence were it not for the power wielded by her manufacturers. And yet what natural advantage does Philadelphia possess superior to numbers of other cities on the Atlantic coast? Certainly none. Indomitable perseverance, aided by a liberal advertising of their wares, has made the product of Philadelphia artisans and workshops known to the world. Both New York and Philadelphia have been aided in the growth of their respective manufacturing systems by their age as compared with other cities and their situation upon or near the seacoast, although it is readily perceived that age alone had nothing to do with the growth of their manufacturing system.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.—A few nights ago, says the West Point (Va.) Citizen, one of the city, saw, late at night, a fire burning in the field in the rear of his residence, and, desiring to ascertain its purpose, went, in company with a friend, to the place. He found a fully matured Fifteenth Amendment cooking a black cat in one of his stove pots, which he had borrowed without giving notice of the fact, in this wise: Fifteenth had cut off one leg of his unmentionables, placed the black cat therein alive, tied both ends of the improvised sack, and put in the sack, and was boiling it in a brisk fire. Upon making inquiry to what he had done, he told him that he had said that he had been told that if he could cook a black cat alive and eat it, it would not only make him lucky at cards, but give him nine lives; and having nine lives, he would be proof against 'dem dar dreadful Kulkixers.

WILLIAM TELL IN NEW YORK.—Whether the "patriot of Switzerland" ever shot the famous apple off his son's head has recently been rendered very doubtful, but within the last three months Captain E. T. Murphy and Thomas Phelps of Kansas City, who have recently settled in our metropolitan midst, have done "one better" than William Tell. Those personages have hit four times out of five a shoetack at twenty paces; they have hit a silver half dollar placed on the rim of a knife, and laid on a man's head, at a distance of forty feet; they have shot a half-dollar out of a man's fingers at twenty yards; have struck a small brass button at distance of two hundred yards—struck it every time, have performed the apple-shooting feat of Tell at much greater distance—only seventy feet. What man has done, man can do—"only more so."—New York Saturday Dispatch.

"I'm lonely to-night Love." This was composed by a young fellow in Detroit, who went hunting ducks on the St. Clair Flats, and, by the overturning of his boat, had to hang to a log all night. He wasn't as lonely as he tried to make her believe, for the mosquitoes made the time pretty lively, and a cold-barge cabin boy shot at him several times for a canvas-back duck.

AN Indiana "journal" estimates that it will require 17,000 hogs, or 2,740,000 pounds of pork, to pay the salaries of Congressmen from that State, and seems to doubt whether the investment is a good one. Another journal in the same State thinks the "hog" value of one Congressman equal to about 1,000 porkers, provided they are good fat ones.

THE CITY GARDENS

Coming Picnic Season!

THE ATTENTION OF ALL SOCIETIES, ASSOCIATIONS and Military Companies is called to the advantages offered by these commodious and beautiful grounds for Holiday Picnic Festivals. They can be procured on any day in the week for picnic purposes the coming season on more advantageous terms than any rounds in the State.

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Picnic Committees are especially invited to call and inspect the grounds, and ascertain terms, which will be most favorable.

M. V. STEVENS, Proprietor.

Office hours 3 to 6 p. m. daily, at the gardens, corner Twelfth and Folsom streets.

N. B.—\$50,000 Admission Tickets were sold by various Associations holding festivals at the City Gardens last year. The sale of spirituous liquors will be prohibited on the grounds on Festival days. ap19-1f

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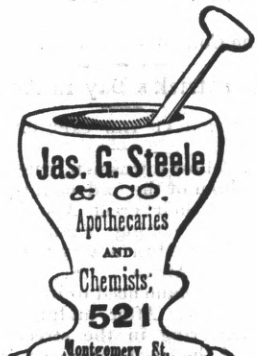
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PERSONS TO AVAIL
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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1873.

Russia in Central Asia.

The London Telegraph is suspicious of the intentions of Russia in making war on Khiva. Assurances from St. Petersburg that no permanent conquest or annexation is intended do not satisfy the English nation. They argue, not with little force, that the Czar, even if he desires to withdraw his army after whipping the Khan into terms, will be considered by commercial necessities and religious fanaticism to keep his ground and Russianize all of Central Asia. They suspect that not only Khiva but Bokhara and Bokoand will be annexed permanently to the Cossack Empire. And these plausible suspicions suggest the query from "England, India, Persia and Turkey," "What is the aim of a power which has advanced a thousand miles to make itself master of an oasis on the Oxus?" Building suspicion on suspicion and piling conjecture on conjecture, it is reasoned that as Russia has never yet relinquished any conquest, save on the Danube, and that to irresistible force, she is not likely to recede with her armies from that desert lands which gave her an improved military leverage, both on Persia and Turkey and remotely on Afghanistan and India. It will cost the Czar \$5,000,000 per year to keep up the needful line of defenses to command the peace with Khiva and Bokhara. Why should he go to this expense, when it would be cheaper and easier to annex the countries and thoroughly Russianize them? There is no present danger, thinks Sir Henry Rawlinson, that Russia can menace British India. Says the London paper above named: "The aim of Russia is not the conquest or invasion of India, but the establishment of a position close to Persia and Afghanistan." From which she may at once diminish and in a few years neutralize the force England wields in Western Asia. "This," says the Telegraph, "has been Russia's line of action ever since the treaty of Paris." What seems to menace India is in reality a policy aimed at Persia and Turkey. "What Russia desires are countries that will pay, strong naval arsenals, ports crowded with shipping, and she can only find them in the Levant and the Persian Gulf. Tashkent, Samarcand, Khiva, are stages which she believes will lead up to her great ambition—a rich, sunny, prosperous, powerful southern dominion. Central Asia encroachments by Russia form, therefore, only a corner in the great Eastern question; and it is in that light they should be continuously regarded." England is therefore admonished to be on the alert and use her power to circumvent the new method of flanking Turkey and Persia out of existence and annexing all of Asia Minor and Central Asia, down to the Persian Gulf, in the Cossack dominion. An empire founded out upon its frontiers, with its political capital on the Neva, its religious capital on the Moskova, and its forts lining the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, would be master of India at its own good time, and master on the Mediterranean as well.

Butterflies.

The season is coming when we shall see by the rural wayside in the field, the gossamer wings, as we used to see them in childhood. They are always pleasant to behold, and they are useful monitors, teaching us, as they silently do, to be cheerful and happy. They are associated in the mind with those other emblems of hopefulness as well as happiness, the flowers. And yet these are not all of the qualities which the butterfly emblemizes. It calls up thoughts in the thoughtful, which are far from unmingled—thoughts which remind us of the transitoriness of life, as we have it here, and of all things earthly. In the delicate tints on their restless wings, as they flashingly reflect the sunshine, we may read "Passing away!" But we need not go into the fields, or even the rural highways, to find butterflies. They meet us in the city at every turn, sporting their lives away, with no more important aim than that of their prototypes. They are surely not so useful. Nay, they are not useful at all in the direct sense. It is only as sources of warning that they so become. They teach not hope, they rather, to say the least, tempt to despair—despair of the progress of our race in the elements of its true nobility. And were they not, after all, but exceptions to a rule, flitting away their ephemeral existence, and so much of substantial utility and worth, we might yield to this temptation. But in view of the earnest lives which the good and true are leading, we can afford to let those social butterflies sport their brief semblances of real life away, while we look composedly on the scene.

INDIAN FAITH AND TREASON.—The following very correct and timely remarks are from the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

Indians can be faithful as well as treacherous, a fact abundantly demonstrated in the conduct of the Warm Spring Indians, who are our able allies in the campaign against the Modoc. In the recent fight they were the first to recover from the surprise, according to the dispatches, and snatching their guns, went "trooping in on the flank" of the Modocs with such spirit that the latter hastily broke and led to the woods. It might be well to season our denunciation of the Modocs with admiration for this friendly tribe that is rendering such excellent service just now. If the Indian character is to be charged with all the enormities of the former it may surely be credited with the bravery and devotion of the latter. All nations, tribes and individuals have their virtues as well as their faults, and the Indians are no exception to the rule.

THERE is a steady emigration of agricultural laborers from the South to the North of England, while those of the North are emigrating to America. The latter are physically a finer race than those of the South, and so, what with this emigration, ever leaving the weakest and most helpless behind—what with the increase of huge manufacturing towns with their evil influence, the population of England goes on degenerating in mind and body. Agricultural labor is, in this country, becoming more expensive and less efficient, and the material for a good army and navy, a numerous agricultural population, is disappearing rapidly; and this in these times of large armies, revolutions, and the International. Where will it all end?

A Buffalo man has been bound over for trial for alleged cruelty to a fish. He cut off the tail of a sturgeon.

The Boston workmen have determined by resolution and otherwise to have the hours of labor reduced to eight.

News from the Mines.

The Superintendent of the Crown Point, under date of May 24th, says: "During the month of May to the 23d inclusive, we shipped to the mills 9,361 tons and 340 pounds of ore, which estimated at 65 per cent. of the assay value, will yield \$745,248 25. General average per ton for the month, up to date, \$79 61, and for the week, \$86 35. The last ore we ran through in this crosscut is ten feet wide, and of an excellent quality. The 1300-foot level is looking very fine throughout, and shows no symptoms of giving out."

A dispatch from the Raymond & Ely, under date of May 25th, says: "I shipped yesterday \$32,874; previous shipments in May, \$141,758; total, \$174,632."

Some very good bunches of ore have been found in the Imperial between the 1600 and 1700-foot levels.

The Baltimore consolidated are drifting both north and south on the 225-foot level in ore, which holds out well and promises considerable extent. The water is out of the lower part of the mine, and the drift west at the lower (450) level is being driven ahead for the main ledge.

The Savage mine is running along very quietly the principal work being drifting to connect with the 1600-foot level of the Gould & Curry mine on the north, and Hale & Norcross on the south. Some very good ore is known to exist in the 1700-foot level. People say more will be known when J. P. Jones comes back.

A letter from the Superintendent of the Silver Hill mine, under date of May 24th, says: "The total number of tons of ore sent to the Bacon mill for the week is 335 tons."

The Hale and Norcross yields daily 85 tons of ore. At the lowest level the ore breasts show improvement, and crosscuts east from that level are being driven ahead to reach the east vein.

The Superintendent of the Chollar, reports for the week ending May 24th: "Ore extracted 892 tons, forwarded to mills, 935 tons; average assay value, for car samples, \$42 57 per ton. During the week no changes of importance have occurred at any point in the ore-producing sections of the mine. At the fourth station of the new shaft the work of re-timbering the drift has been steadily carried on."

The Superintendent of the Red Branch Mine reports a rich find and an increase in the width of ledge. From present appearances an immense yield may soon be expected.

Wit and Humor.

AN Ohio editor was rendered insane, while going home the other night, to hear the following words come from a dark passage on a shady street: "Oh! John, I wonder if that moustache feels as good on your lips as it did on mine? John's answer he did not want to hear."

"WHERE did you get that turkey?" said a colonel to a recruit who came into camp with a fine bird. "Stole it!" was the laconic answer. "Ah!" said the colonel triumphantly, "my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

WHAT agonies must the poet have endured, who, writing of his love, asserted in his manuscript that he "kissed her under the shining stars," and found the compositor had made him declare, that he "kissed her under the cellar stairs."

A DASHY man, who has been visiting in a place where the cemetery was provided with many private vaults, is very much pleased with the idea, as it enables a man to visit his own grave and weep.

LOVERS sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but when they come to bask in it they find it mere moonshine. If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

THERE really seems to be very little in common between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pippin, and yet, while the one is a war map, the other is a warm apple.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in the corn field. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe every one that thirsteth.'"

"WIFE, have you heard about neighbor Jones getting shot?" "Why, bless my stars! no. How did he get shot?" "He bought them, my dear."

JONES thinks that his kitchen clock must keep the time that tries men's souls. "He never knows when dinner is going to be ready."

AN EXTINCT RACE UNRETRIEVED.—Workmen engaged in a sand bank near Columbus, Ohio, have exhumed a quantity of bones of strange animals and men probably Indians. From the description of the human bones it is evident to scientific men who have the matter under investigation, that the race buried there differed materially in size and shape from the North American Indians of the present age. A skull and body bones have been obtained, and great care is being taken to secure the remainder.

NO CHINAMEN NEEDED APPLY.—The Oregon Herald, of May 25th, says: "The city of East Portland proposes not to permit the employment of Chinese in any public employment authorized by the city. No contract will hereafter be let, so we are informed, except with a stipulation that Chinese labor is not to be employed under it. This is a commendable course, and we are not sure but that it suggests a solution for the Chinese problem."

THE carpenters of New York by their determination and resolute conduct have in a dignified manner carried their point in securing eight hours as a day's labor. Some there may be who will work for ten hours through the force of circumstances, but organization will soon right it.

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619 Montgomery street, between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
Hotels, Private Families and Employers of every description promptly supplied with the very best Male and Female Help, without trouble or expense.
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Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, and a general variety of Smokers' Articles constantly on hand. j74-tf

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ALL we ask is a trial. If your druggist don't keep it, send to DR. A. F. EYRE & Co., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco. ap19-3m

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No. 321 Pacific Street,
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Which they offer to the trade at reduced prices; also, the celebrated ONE-MAN SELF-FASTENING BED SPRING. Any man can make his own Spring Bed with them by attaching them to the slats of any bedstead.
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APPLY DAILY FROM NINE O'CLOCK A. M. TO FIVE P. M.
SELECT PRACTICE PARTIES on Tuesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock.
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SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.
The Rooms are furnished with Patent Spring Beds and Hair Mattresses, and are well arranged, either for families or single persons. Splendid accommodations for the traveling public. This Hotel is situated near all the Steamer Landings. Passengers and baggage conveyed to the House free of charge.
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Gents' Custom-Made Box Toe Gaiters.....4 50
Gents' Sewed Oxford Ties.....2 00
Boys' French Sewed Boots.....2 50
Boys' Copper Toe Boots.....1 50
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LADIES WEAR.

Ladies' Scoll Vamp, Double Sole Bala.....\$2 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Double Sole Bala.....1 75
Ladies' Kid Fox Button Boots.....3 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Long Gaiters, Double Sole.....2 75
Ladies' Fine Calf Bala, High Cut.....2 75
Ladies' Goat Balmorals.....2 75
Ladies' Kid Slippers.....\$1 00
Children's High Cut Scoll Tap Bala.....1 25
Children's High Cut Scoll Tap Bala.....1 25
We also keep on hand a large assortment of Hand Sewed Boots and Sewed Box Toe Gaiters. Besides a thousand other Bargains at

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600 pairs Kid Foxed Balmorals.....2 00
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Fine Hand-Sewed Dress Boots.....\$10 00
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A full supply of Boys' and Youths' Boots and Oxford Ties at greatly reduced prices, at
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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1873.

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The Valor of the Irish Race.

By JAMES T. MURPHY, of Santa Clara Valley.

Nations and races like individuals possess mental and moral characteristics which distinguish them more perfectly, than their physical structure. In proportion as the ennobling qualities of mind and heart predominate in the general character of a people, do we find their place in history elevated and worthy of admiration. The very nucleus of the Irish character, or rather the central sun which illumines the virtues of Erin, and round which revolve those heavenborn traits, hospitality, honor, chivalry, and fidelity, is valor. This is the testimony of history; and, as long as the heart appreciates its own noblest attributes, it will not cease to palpitate and bleed alternately over the history of Ireland.

How interesting then should be the record of Irish heroism to the American people who were themselves compelled by the enemies of Ireland to draw the sword, and by glorious acts of valor establish their own liberty. Though less successful than the United States, Ireland drew her sword, and its flashing in the gloom of battle was the light that lit to honored graves. The very first page of Ireland's history is a record of valor—the destruction of idols to make room for the altars of the true God, the bold and noble abandonment of her druidical worship for the doctrines of the humble unprotected, but heroic Patrick, was the soul, the sublimity of valor.

All Ireland's National achievements, whether of mind, heart or arm seem to bear the impress of this great seal of her character—valor. Even her very humiliations may be traced to virtue carried to excess. Like Greece, she fell by the valor of her own arms.

When in possession of the choicest gifts of heaven, faith and piety, their valiant souls found ease only in the dissemination of the blessings she possessed in so high a degree. But she did not long enjoy her glory and her triumph. Strangers came to her shore, not for the acquisition of knowledge, but to destroy if possible Ireland's Nationality. The Danes who had overrun England, and planted the standard of conquest upon the broken battlements of every nation they invaded, first met with a successful resistance here. The annals of Erin for full three hundred years is an continued act of valor. The battle of Dundalk furnishes an example unsurpassed in military annals. The Danish King Sitrick had treacherously seized the Irish monarch, and was hurrying him into captivity. The Irish admiral Fingall hurried to the rescue. He boards the Dane. The fight is fierce and bloody. The Irish were nearly overpowered with numbers; when Fingall, having cut his way up to the Danish King, seized him and jumped into the sea.

"O! Fingall—Fingall, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind? All is done that valor can give way and be resigned! Swift he rushed as one possessed, mid all that hostile train. Seized their king, and with one wild bound plunged both into the main! Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave: The king's two brothers, as quickly seized, and dashed into the wave."

Such were the deeds that characterized this terrible struggle of three centuries, which was finally brought to a magnificent climax, when the chivalry of Ireland strewed the plains of Clontarf with dead and dying, and drove the enemy from the country forever.

Brave men are ever the sons of good and virtuous women. Nothing illustrates this better than the history of Ireland. Her lovely daughters, not with that cold laconic indifference to maternal love of the Spartan mother, who handed the shield to her son with the words, "Return with this or on it," but, with true ardent unselfish love, the women of Erin threw themselves where danger was thickest to repel the enemy that threatened their honor. Such was the conduct of Irish women at Limerick, when the English army under their warrior king, after three times filling the breach their artillery had made, were compelled to abandon the siege and seek safety in flight. James was not worthy the fidelity and valor of Ireland. The heroic Sarsfield made a treaty securing a supposed peace and liberty to Ireland. He lived to see that treaty violated; but thank God he lived also to avenge the foul perfidy. He died on the field of Landen, but not until he saw the same standards that had poisoned the air of his native land "sway along the tide of headlong flight or trailed in the muddy waters of the Gette;" not until he saw the scarlet ranks that he had once hurled back from the ramparts of Limerick now rent and riven, fast falling into wild flight, while after them was sent the revengeful about—remember Limerick.

"Oh, the treaty stone of Limerick! how oft with magic charm, It lit in wrath the Irish heart and nerved the Irish arm!"

Persons unacquainted with the details of Irish history are often puzzled to understand how Irish valor so often victorious has failed to permanently establish its one great object—national independence. But history explains the phenomenon. Perfidy, treachery, broken treaties and false friendship have done for England what she never could have accomplished in honorable warfare. But let me ask where did green and scarlet meet upon the field with anything like the same advantages, that the Irish did not scatter the enemy?

Do Englishmen claim the battle of Benburb? have they chronicled Yellowford on their list of victories; can they claim Tyrrell's Pass, Clontarf on the Pass of Plumes? Never perhaps was there a better opportunity presented for comparing the respective merits of Irish and English soldiers than at Fontenoy. By a glorious feat of arms that day, the power of England has added fresh laurels to her brow. They assailed the flower of the French army, and drove them in confusion from their positions. Already were they indulging in the exultations of victory, and Louis XIV retiring from the field, the soldiers of Ireland came to the rescue, swept the English from the slopes of Fontenoy, saved France and proclaimed to the world the invincibility of Irish valor? Was it the superiority of English arms upon the field, that broke up the confederation and for a time defeated the hopes of Ireland? History attests that it was English treachery which accomplished its ruin by poisoning the gallant O'Neil—Owen Roe—the only man in Europe whom Cromwell acknowledged to be afraid to meet in open honorable battle. Where then did they come together that the chivalrous sons of Erin deserved the stigma of cowardice? There is not an instance in the annals of British warfare. Every where in defeat or victory the valor of Ireland won bright chapters of imperishable renown. Will the impartial historian award to the superior valor of England the victory of the Boyne? No! he must ascribe the defeat to the weakness of an English King who cried out, "Spare oh, spare my English subjects." The whole army as indignant at the poltroonery of James as they were conscious of their own strength, gave him a cognomen which none but an Irishman knows how to pronounce.

The valor of Ireland is inseparably connected with our own history. They fought on every field from Lexington to Yorktown. They fought the battles of the republic in 1812, and their valor and intrepidity on every field from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico sheds new lustre round the glory of our arms. And when through the wickedness of ambitious politicians unfortunately the bugle of war sounded, hostilities between the north and south, the Irish were the first to gather in arms around the threatened institutions of the country, and buckling on their swords generously went forward to fight for the preservation of the Constitution and the preservation of that Union which makes us a proud and powerful people.

In the hard fought battle of Bull Run, who did honor to the cause of the Republic? It was Col. Corcoran and his brigade. If there was a rout on that momentous day, it was not the fault of Irish soldiers. The grand old 69th took and lost an important position eight times in succession, at length entirely exhausted and retreat being unknown in their tactics they threw themselves on the ground and allowed fresh troops to charge over their prostrate bodies. Who made himself so conspicuous on that dreadful day of blood by waving the green flag upon the lines of hottest fire? Captain Thomas Francis Meagher at the head of his gallant Zouaves! Who on the terrible days of Fredericksburgh no longer indeed Captain, but as leader of that immortal brigade contributed a chapter to Martial history which will live as long as the Stars and Stripes wave over a free people. But why enumerate examples when they are to be found emblazoned in living characters in the military annals of every nation for which Ireland drew the sword. When the history of France, Spain, Germany, Prussia, England, the State of the Church and America shall be read no more, not until then shall Irish valor be forgotten.

Heretofore clanking chains have beat the march of Ireland's progress. Imprisonment and death have been the reward of her sons' fidelity. But "all ills have bounds," plagues, whirlwinds, fire and blood. Every war can spill but bounded sums of blood and the indomitable spirit of liberty that has not been crushed out of the Irish people by seven hundred years of persecution, must have an end and Ireland shall eventually be free.

Though oppression has exiled them from the dear old land of their birth, never before was the Irish race so numerous, so united or more patriotic. This bodes that the period of Ireland's tribulations are nearly over. And it is no exaggeration to assert, that the evening of life will not close upon some now living before Ireland takes her place amongst the powers of the earth.

We are awakening to the wrongs we have suffered, we feel our strength and know the weakness of our enemy.

Here on a cast-land, life and fame
Faith, freedom—All divide it
A glorious stake play out the game
Let War's red die decide it!

SHEEP—WOOL IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY AND THE STATE.—The Los Angeles Star estimates the wool crop of that county for this year at 1,800,000 pounds, and says the crop is much cleaner this Spring than heretofore. The price being paid is about 12 cents. In view of the great margin between the price offered here and the quotations in New York the Star suggests that the wool growers should form a combination and put their own wool upon the market. It also makes another very sensible suggestion, that there should be wool scouring shops established, and the wool cleaned before shipment, and thus decrease the weight and increase the value in proportion and get rid of the freight on the dirt. The Star estimates that by the cleaning process three tons will be reduced to one. Well posted dealers estimate the wool crop of the State for 1873, at 28,000,000, to 30,000,000 pounds.

The irrepressible George Francis Train preferred a trip to Europe to the accommodation afforded by a New York lunatic asylum. He will probably turn up next in Vienna, and set the crowds there talking of the model American citizen.

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At the meeting of the new Board of Directors of the Nationalist Printing and Publishing Company, on Wednesday, May 14th, the organization was completed, and is as follows:—
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